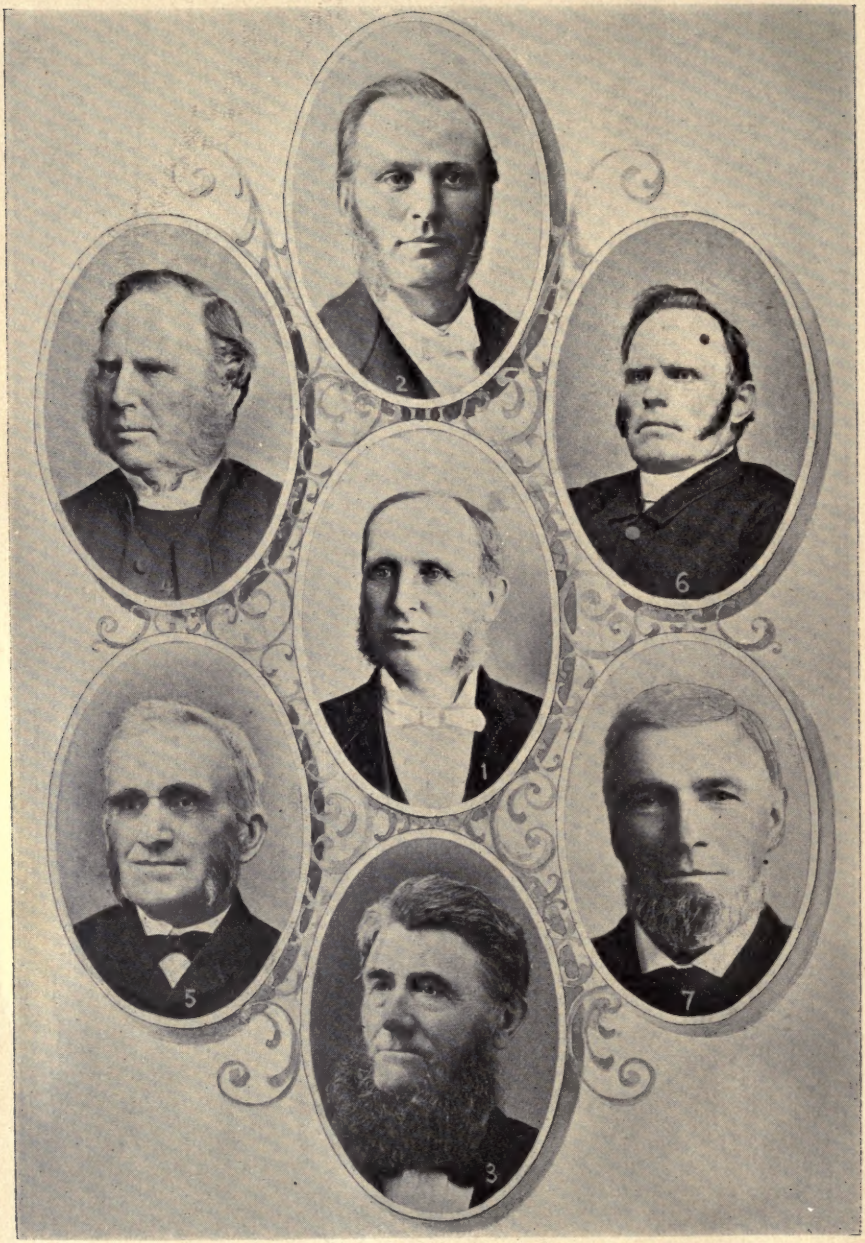
Grimsby Park

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Harriet Phelps Youmans



THE FATHERS OF GRIMSBY PARK.

1. Rev. John Wakefield, D.D. 2. Rev. John Shaw, D.D.
3. J. B. Bowslaugh, Esq. 4. Rev. Samuel Rose, D.D. 5. David Housser, Esq.
6. Rev. Michael Fawcett. 7. Jacob Beamer, Esq.

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GRIMSBY PARK

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

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WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE LATE PRESIDENT

NOAH PHELPS

AND OTHERS

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GRIMSBY CAMP-MEETING.

THE camp-meeting seems to have been a prominent feature of the early religious life of Canada. Long before there were towns or villages, the scattered settlers were wont to gather occasionally in those primitive meetings.

When the little log houses were miles apart, and men and women were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the forest, the wild beasts, and poverty, there was in some places little time or thought devoted to religious subjects. Isolated, and engaged continually in this fight, it is not surprising that they sometimes forgot their early training and grew cold and indifferent toward religious matters. Children were born, and sometimes half grown, in some localities, before they had ever heard a sermon or seen a church. It was then that the Methodist Church sent forth missionaries to carry the comforts of the Gospel to those solitary families. Many of these men were as poor as their parishioners, and as hardy and brave. Travelling on horseback, in all kinds of weather, over the length and breadth of the immense circuits, the story of their hardships and adventures reads like a romance. Their forms stand out distinctively in the history of those early times. They were men of heroic type, and many of them would have been prominent in any country or age. Their successors were largely of the same cast, and some of them can be remembered by persons now living.

As the country became more thickly settled and the people more comfortable in circumstances, churches and circuits increased, and the camp-meeting seems to have become more and more a sort of yearly Feast of Tabernacles, where the people loved to gather for social religious intercourse. Forty or fifty years ago they were in their palmy days, and many wonderful scenes were witnessed at those meetings. There were times when saints and sinners were alike overcome by the mysterious spiritual influence which swept over the immense congregation like a whirlwind and prostrated the people like fields of grain borne down by mighty winds. Those were veritable Pentecostal days, the history of which is too well authenticated to be disputed, and is well worth study.

Grimsby Park is one of the few survivals, if not the only one, of the old-fashioned camp-meetings remaining in Canada ; but the summer visitors who throng this pretty resort would never suspect that forty years ago a very different scene was presented to those who came to the spot for very different reasons. Indeed, as early as 1846, we are told, thirteen years before the first camp-meeting, a mammoth temperance meeting was held here. At that time the bank extended out much farther than it does now. Great trees stood over where the waters now ripple, but the waves gradually undermined the bank, and earth and trees disappeared, the shore receding year by year until a great change has taken place in the appearance of the water front.

This temperance meeting, which they called a "*soirée*" was held on the high bank in front of the home of Samuel Russ, Esq., which stood near the present Lake View House. There were long tables bounteously spread,

at which the great assembly feasted together. There were over two thousand persons present to enjoy the programme of band music and speeches from the eloquent men who graced the platform. Two of them belonged to the famous Ryerson family. They were Egerton and William, whose names are still remembered. On this occasion the latter gave one of his masterpieces and the great congregation was spell-bound by his fervid eloquence. The meeting was a great success.

Grimsby Camp-Meeting came into existence in 1859. In the autumn of 1858 a camp-meeting for the Hamilton District was held on the farm of Mr. Camp, near Smithville. The Rev. Samuel Rose was Chairman of the District, and had charge of the meeting, which was attended by persons from the whole Niagara Peninsula, then included in the Hamilton District,

At the next Conference the Hamilton District was divided and the Niagara District formed, with the Rev. Samuel Rose, who was stationed at Thorold, as its Chairman. Early in the Conference year a committee was formed to select a ground and make the needful preparation for a camp-meeting for the new district. This committee was composed of the Revs. Samuel Rose, Michael Fawcett, John Wakefield, and John Shaw, and the following laymen, John B. Bowslaugh, David Housser and Jacob Beamer. This committee met at the house of Mr. Bowslaugh, and after some discussion selected the ground where Grimsby Park now is.

There were many things to be considered in the selection, such as a suitable ground, good water, available pasturage for horses, a sympathetic neighborhood, and plenty of pine roots and wood for lights. All these things seemed to combine in the spot chosen on the

banks of beautiful Lake Ontario. The ground was thickly covered with underbrush and fallen trees, and required much work to make it ready for a camp-ground. As soon as the decision was formed, and the place selected—before a blow was struck—the committee, with bared heads, knelt before God in the woods and invoked His blessing upon their undertaking. Then the Rev. Dr. Wakefield seized an axe and struck the first blow towards the clearing of the ground, and all the machinery was set in motion as quickly as possible to prepare for a successful meeting, which was to begin on the last Thursday in August, 1859. The men turned out in goodly numbers, with their teams, to draw lumber for the tents, the preachers' stand, the seats, and other things. The light-stands, or platforms, had to be erected, and dry pine roots and stumps gathered for their fires. The spring had to be cleaned out for water for the use of the campers, the board tents had to be built, and much arduous work done; but ministers and laymen alike took off their coats and rendered willing service until all was ready for the day of assembly.

The Rev. Dr. Wakefield was chosen to preach the first sermon, and his text was from 1 Kings, 18th chapter, 41st verse: "There is a sound of abundance of rain."

This meeting lasted about a week, and the results were very satisfactory. The people dispersed full of resolve to continue the good work begun here, and many revivals on the different circuits resulted.

From this time Grimsby Camp-meeting became an annual gathering, and until the fall of 1862, when there was no meeting there, but one at Niagara Falls South,

it was uninterrupted. In that year this change was made and a very successful meeting conducted at that historic place, then called Drummondville. The meeting was held in the woods of John Kerr, Esq., near Niagara Falls, and was under the superintendency of Dr. Wakefield, who was in charge of the Drummondville Circuit. It is said to have been an unusually good meeting, and many persons were converted.

The next year the meetings at Grimsby were resumed, and from that time they have been continued there in some form up to the present time.

Asking a friend for a list of names of those persons who were prominent in the work in those days, I have this reply: "It is difficult to mention the names of any who made those early meetings a success without seeming to be invidious, as there were large numbers who threw themselves into the work. Among the men, however, who did heroic service for God at Grimsby may be mentioned the Revs. Samuel Rose, Isaac B. Howard, Michael Fawcett, John Shaw, John Wakefield, J. H. Starr, John Potts, Alexander Sutherland, A. Langford, J. E. Betts; and in later years, John A. Williams, George E. Sanderson, W. S. Griffin, and many others. Among the laymen there were John B. Bowslaugh, Noah Phelps, Ira Calder, David Housser, Jacob Beamer, James Lewis, John P. Bridgman, Abishai Morse, James Miller, and many besides. Those meetings have been instrumental in helping thousands to a better life, and eternity alone will reveal the number of souls who were by this means savingly converted to God. Most of the early workers have gone to their rest, but they being dead yet speak to us, and their works do follow them."

In the foregoing quotation are many names of men who will be remembered by those who used to attend the camp-meeting. Most of the older ones are gone, and of the little group forming the committee who selected the grounds and inaugurated the camp-meeting only two are still living, the Rev. Dr. Wakefield—who preached the first sermon, and whose face is still familiar on the old camp-ground—and the aged Jacob Beamer, who resides, I think, in Buffalo.

Dr. Rose and Mr. Fawcett were very prominent figures at the camp-meetings, and both were men of strong character and deep piety. Mr. Fawcett was a very devoted temperance worker, and had all the courage of his convictions. Early in the history of the Park, and for a good many years, great difficulty was experienced by the camp-meeting authorities in keeping strong drink off the ground and its environs. Open defiance was met with at first, and later all sorts of tricks were resorted to in order to cater to the appetites of those persons addicted to drink who might happen to be in the audience.

On one occasion when a most flagrant and open instance of this occurred, and a man planted a little drinking booth at the very gates, it was raided and razed to the ground by the indignant campers, headed and assisted by no less a personage than the reverend gentleman himself.

Dr. Potts and Dr. Sutherland were handsome, promising young fellows, with their laurels yet to win, and never a sign of grey hairs or anything but perpetual youth and vigor could be detected about them.

And there were scores of others, young, hopeful, and

A JOLLY OUTING.

facing the future with all the confidence of inexperienced youth. Some of them are to-day filling high places in the Church and the world ; others are working in humbler fields, serving their day and generation equally well, and others have long since gone to their reward.

* * * * * * * *

It is difficult to present to the Grimsby Park people of to-day a faithful picture of the place as I first saw it, a few years before the old board tents were torn down to make room for the present cottages. No accommodation was made for travellers on the part of the railway company. Passengers were dumped off the train where the Grand Trunk crosses the road near the present station, and found their way to the opening in the rail fence, which was to the right of the Park House. The rough road wound its way to the camp through the thick woods, over roots and around stumps. Everything was wild and primitive.

The auditorium occupied the site of the present temple. The ground sloped gently from the outer edge of the circle, forming a natural amphitheatre, which was utilized as a meeting place. The preachers' stand stood almost in the same place as the present pulpit. Behind it stood a small rough building supposed to be used by the brethren as a sort of baggage-room, etc., with, I think, some straw-filled "bunks," where in case of emergency they used to sleep. Few of the sisters ever penetrated into this mysterious chamber, and in some quarters it was an open question as to the comfort the occupants thereof enjoyed. However, it was only used as a dormitory when the ever-generous hospitality of the tents was over-taxed. Looking out from the preach-

ers' stand over the auditorium one saw the rude backless seats which accommodated the worshippers. They were thick boards supported on logs, which were laid length-wise on either side of the aisles, and which had to be stepped across to get to the seats. When the ground was damp, clean dry straw was spread under foot, making the place comfortable and safe. Overhead the interlacing branches of the forest trees formed an agreeable shade, through which the sky shone, blue or grey, or dark and star-bespangled, as the case might be. The wind stirred the leaves, which whispered to each other; or, if the wind was strong, they joined their voices to those of the lake, and the air was full of a rush which sometimes almost drowned the voice of the speaker. To the right, and back of the preachers' stand, there was erected, in the later years of the camp-meeting, the huge barn-like structure which they called the "Tabernacle." Only on rainy days was this place used for meetings, the out-door auditorium being much pleasanter. This building was removed when the present temple was built.

The circle was formed then by the row of tents which stood where the cottages of the auditorium now stand, and this circle with what it enclosed formed the camp-ground. No tents or cottages were seen outside of this, as I remember it, and the nearest building was the farm-house of Mr. Russ, which stood among the apple trees near the present site of Lake View House.

At night the scene was lighted by fires of pine knots and roots, burning upon the six high, square platforms which were placed at intervals around the circle. They were supported on stout posts and were five or six feet high. Strong wooden floors, covered with a foot or

more of soil (out of which the grass grew only to blacken and die at meeting time), supported these primitive torches. Those fires served a double purpose: they lighted the place very satisfactorily, and the heat counteracted the dampness of the evening air, which was seldom noticeable during the long evening meetings.

The spring that furnishes much of the water for the Park to-day was noted for the purity and sweetness of its water, and was one of the advantages of this particular camp-ground.

The cooking was done gypsy fashion, out of doors. The wood was gathered up in the vicinity of the back doors of the tents, and the supply never gave out.

Straw for the beds was also furnished "without money and without price," and no person ever went to camp-meeting in the old times without receiving an invitation to partake of the hospitality of some kind sojourner in a tent.

All the year until the last week in August this sylvan sanctuary was given up to nature. The snow hid it in the winter season, and through the pleasant spring and early summer the timid creatures of the woods held riotous carnival there, with no one to molest or make them afraid. But in August the human intruders appeared. The silent little dwellings suddenly became animated, the indignant squirrels scolded and rushed frantically about, while their rubbish was being swept out of the corners in the tents, which had served for their winter storehouses. The other shy wild things, which had lived so fearlessly in the deserted village, crept away or flew silently off into the depth of the woods.

As the time drew near for the annual gathering there were always forthcoming willing hands for the task of

preparing for the meetings. Some one had to bring loads of fresh, clean straw for the beds and to scatter it over the ground in the auditorium. Some one had to bring the seats out of their winter quarters and place them in position. Loads of pine knots and other fuel for the light-stands had to be provided. Lumber had to be on hand so that when the accommodation limit was reached, and there was still a demand for more room, all hands could go to work and build additional tents.

The camp-meeting was always held the last week in August, beginning on Thursday and lasting over one Sunday. This was, of course, the most important day, and the crowds were immense. The woods were full of teams and wagons, and the road leading into the camp-ground lined thickly on both sides with horses and vehicles. The people brought baskets of provisions and picnicked in the woods or on the shore, and during the hours of service they often overflowed the seating capacity and stood in hundreds, reaching sometimes to the very doors of the tents.

It was good to see the people as they came together. One by one the teams came turning in at the opening in the rail fence, picking their way over the rough road, or winding cautiously through the thick woods. How glad the women were to see each other. Many of them never met save at these meetings. Gradually the little dwellings would fill and faces appear at the doors. The simple arrangements inside were soon completed, and greetings and handshakings were in order.

One old couple I remember, who came from afar. They must have started early in the morning in order to arrive at the camp by sundown. They came in a

long white-covered gypsy wagon, drawn by a team of staid farm horses. The old gentleman was small, stooped, silent. His thin grey hair and beard, his mild blue eyes, I can see yet, and I can never forget his portly spouse with her round face in its old-fashioned Methodist bonnet, or white frilled cap, her spectacles, her old-fashioned dress and shawl.

We formed quite an intimacy during our chance meetings. I always found her nicely settled in her "tent," the gypsy wagon drawn safely near to the back door, and the old gentleman probably engaged with the team, giving them the best of care and attention in some neighboring pasture field. "Here you be at last," would be her first greeting. "I've been watching out for you." Many a peppermint "lozenger," of which she always kept a store, found its way into my somewhat reluctant hand. She also carried a bottle of "scent," with which she copiously drenched my handkerchief whenever she got a chance. Dear old lady! Long ago she was gathered to her fathers.

Old Mrs. Nash's was another familiar face which is seldom seen of late years, though she is still living. Her singing will be remembered by many who were present, when on occasion she began the prayer-meeting exercises with some old-fashioned hymn such as we seldom hear nowadays. She was often the centre of a group of singers who gradually sang themselves into the "spirit," and adjourned to some convenient spot for an impromptu prayer or praise-meeting.

Continuously, from one quarter or another, the sound of singing floated out through the forest, and sometimes the shouts and hallelujahs were as loud as the hymns.

There were many quaint and original characters to be

met there year after year, and many saintly souls whose influence is not yet forgotten. There was sweet-faced Mary Campbell, with her golden hair, her slender black-robed form, fair and fragile as a lily, and destined to an early grave. Her hold on the young people was wonderful. Especially beautiful was her sisterly manner with a number of lads in their teens, who seemed quite unimpressed by the exercises of the day, as well as the earnest admonitions of the brethren. Anxious parents watched with prayerful interest the growing comradeship between the lovely girl and the (in some cases) wayward youths, and wondered, with the rest of us, how it was that she so soon overcame their shy reserve and won their confidence. Their chivalric devotion to her was lovely. They were proud to call her their friend, and through her influence several were converted. One, especially, was turned from a course already entered upon which would long since have ruined him, and is to-day a Christian gentleman of unimpeachable character and standing.

I remember especially a sweet singer named, I think, Martha Comfort. Her voice, a rare and lovely soprano, easily led all the others, and "Uncle Noah" never tired of her singing. I am afraid he rather imposed upon the good nature of the young lady, for whenever she appeared in the vicinity of his tent she was importuned for some favorite hymn, and never seemed tired or unwilling. Many a time, when pressed to sing for his enjoyment, she has become the centre of a knot of music lovers, drawn thither by the sound of her rich voice, and before they knew it an impromptu meeting would materialize and everybody would be "happy."

It must be remembered that the people came together

for worship. There were three regular services of sermons, with after meetings which were long and exciting, and, as some of the brethren never semed to grow weary, little bands might be found at almost any hour in different tents, met to continue the exercises, and sometimes only dispersed when meal time came and the physical nature as well as the spiritual called out for sustenance.

Nearly everyone was keyed up to a high pitch, and to the less spiritually-minded, of whom there were several, the continual exercises sometimes grew irksome. Very many funny things happened, and the comical side sometimes presented itself with a persistence which entirely upset the gravity of the onlookers. Those who were absorbed in the meetings were not, so they said, looking for things to laugh at, but there were a few persons living in the north-east corner of the old circle who simply could not be grave every minute. When good old Mr. P. (peace to his ashes!) standing, I should say, six feet four, and weighing over three hundred pounds, became absorbed in the meetings, he was pretty sure to grow very much excited. When this good old man, with tears streaming down his round cheeks, his head touching the beams in the ceiling of Mr. Phelps' tent, his powerful arms outstretched, cried out in his contrition, "Oh, my leanness! oh, my leanness!" it was too much for the gravity of a certain little group squeezed into the narrow space by the back door, and even some of the older ones smiled when the meeting was out. Dear old Father P., as he was familiarly called, when he could forget his "leanness," his hallelujahs were hearty and heartfelt.

Then there was "Prodigal Sam," a striking figure, whose testimonies were strong and to the point. I

remember his appearance as he told his experience, his head thrown back, his voice strident and piercing, his manner intense and earnest. His proper name was Samuel Moyer, and the people of his neighborhood probably know why he was called "Prodigal Sam." I do not; but as I remember him he was one of the most striking figures in the meetings.

Among the ministers was a German, and I believe he came from a German settlement. His English was perfectly correct, but at times the German element seemed strong in the assemblies and some good German brother would hold forth in the language of the "Fatherland." Then the minister would reply in the same tongue, the Germans would break out all around, and they would have an unusually good time, we "foreigners" looking on and enjoying it as much as any of them. Mr. Moyer especially enjoyed those German events.

Among the well-known men who will be remembered as familiar figures for many years at the camp-meeting was Abashai Morse, of Smithville, a fine-looking man with erect and dignified bearing, who was always present, and lived to attend the meetings for years after the camp-meeting became a chartered company.

John P. Bridgman, of the same place, was another familiar personality from the beginning of the camp-meetings, and we find his name on most of the early committees. He was a genial man, with sterling Christian qualities, whose untimely death occurred shortly after the organization of the Grimsby Park Company, of which he was one of the trustees. His son, the Rev. George Bridgman, D.D., who was one of the promising young ministers of the early days, is now the President of an American university in a western State.

David Housser, of Beamsville, one of the original committee of seven, was another man well-known on the camp-ground and to all the country side as one deserving universal respect. His was one of the homes where the "prophet's chamber" was always ready, and which the circuit-rider was always glad to reach. The shelter of that hospitable roof was enjoyed by scores of the itinerants of the Methodist Church, both in the early and later days. He was a man of upright character, firm and unbending in his sturdy Methodism, but of a cheerful, genial temperament, which made him a lovable friend and a good neighbor. He was never absent from the camp-meetings, where he was prominent not only as a lay worker in the religious exercises but as a member of the committees which looked after the business interests of the meeting. In his tent, as in his home, there was always a cordial welcome for visitors on the part of Mr. Housser and his family. Mr. Housser died in 1895 at the age of 77.

There are other names of men who were prominent in those days, but only a few can be mentioned. Ira Calder, Richard Collier, Alex. Junkin, James Gillespie, James Miller, Jacob Kennedy. There were Moyers and Hipples and Bowslaughs galore, and other good men and true, whose names are on a more important roll than this. The Revs. John Carroll, William Savage, E. White, James Harris, Dr. Rice, and the rest of the goodly company too numerous to mention are also in that book of remembrance.

Last, but not least, there were Dr. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer, of New York, whose memory is still green in many places where their labors have been wonderfully blessed. They were the great attraction whenever they

favored the meetings with their presence, and none of the great orators who visit the Park to-day can claim a larger following, while many conversions always resulted from their ministrations.

There were always special constables, whose duty it was to keep order and suppress any lawlessness which might manifest itself, and also hold in check the too buoyant spirits of certain young persons.

Out in the dark woods where the horses were tethered mischievous pranks were sometimes played, but the vigilance of the officers never relaxed, and a few examples before a Justice of the Peace usually served as a deterrent toward any who might be inclined to break the law. Once in a while mistakes were made in connection with those cases, which were none the less funny than they were embarrassing. One night after the close of the meeting, when most of the people had gone to rest, a couple of young men who had come together and had agreed to meet after service in the woods where their horses were left, failed to find each other. It grew very late, the night was dark, and it was impossible to see far in the thick woods. One of the young men became impatient at having to wait so long for his companion, and thinking that though he could not see him he might perhaps make him hear, he began to call and shout at the top of his voice, "Dan Pool," "Dan Pool," over and over again. The faithful officer, ever on the lookout for such miscreants, and shocked at the flagrant profanity so boldly displayed, rushed into the forest and seized the astonished offender, who vainly tried to explain. He was brought back into the circle and a few of the brethren who were still about decided that he must remain under guard until morning, and then appear



SCENE ON THE BEACH.



STEAMBOAT LANDING.

before the proper authority for trial. In vain the young man declared that he was only calling Dan Pool, his late companion. The shrewd protector of the peace had "seen and heard just such fellows make just such excuses before, and *this* time the law should take its course. One or two such examples would do good and put a stop to the persistent attempts on the part of reckless young men to disturb the peace and quiet of this assembly," etc. It began to look rather bad, and as Dan Pool still failed to materialize our young friend was in a dilemma. He was a stranger to his captors, and not until it occurred to him to refer them to his friend, Mr. David Housser, who was on the grounds, did he make any impression on their minds. They were determined that the dignity of the law should be vindicated. Mr. Housser being called from his bed, recognized the offender as a neighbor, and, vouching for his respectability, the unlucky prisoner was allowed to depart in peace.

The subsequent fate of "Dan Pool" has always remained a mystery to the writer of these chronicles.

There was one particular and much sought spot in the auditorium, at the foot of a giant oak, which formed a comfortable back to the seat, and where one could enjoy the singing, the sermon, and the sights equally well, and when the assembled thousands at the Sunday evening services filled the whole space with a restless mass of humanity the sight was very impressive.

Seriousness marked the demeanor of most of the seated congregation. On the platform the ministers sat with grave and thoughtful faces, the lights of the pulpit throwing their forms into full relief against the shadowy spaces about them. Below, on a raised seat which

extended across the front of the preachers' stand, were the members of the choir which led the congregational singing.

The blazing camp-fires on their elevated stands lighted up the scene with a fitful glow, and cast dark shadows here and there, deepening the air of weirdness and mystery which pervaded the place. Overhead the leaves fluttered and whispered, their undersides gleaming in the firelight like the high lights on a picture. Occasionally here and there a face shone out white and startling from the gloom of some obscure corner. The crackling of the camp fires, the rustling of the leaves, the faint echoes of the waves on the beach, the subdued sound of the voices and footsteps in the outer circles of the congregation, mingled in a low murmur, which was as agreeable to the ear as the picturesque and sombre-colored scene was to the eye.

When the minister arose to begin the services an expectant hush fell upon the vast assembly. Some of the ministers had wonderful voices, which, without any effort on their part, seemed to fill the large circle to the very doors of the tents, and penetrated the forest spaces beyond like bugle notes.

There were many excellent voices in the choir, and they sang the grand old tunes with a vigor and unction most appropriate to the occasion. I remember how they rendered the hymn beginning—

> "O could I speak the matchless worth,
> O could I sound the glories forth," etc.,

to the tune of "Ariel." This was a very popular hymn and the people joined in with a will, the bass rolling up grandly on the last line, "In notes al–m–o–s–t divine."

"Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King,"

was another favorite with a special tune; and there were many others. This old-fashioned, stirring music was no small factor in the work of the meetings, and the choir was always the willing strong right hand of the pulpit.

At the close of the preaching service the choir vacated their places and the ministers and lay speakers gave short and earnest exhortations to the unconverted, for whose welfare prayer was offered and to whom kind words of encouragement were spoken.

The character of the singing changed in those after-meetings, anyone being at liberty to vary the exercises by starting a hymn. Some of the tunes were in plaintive minor strains, which must have had a very depressing effect on those who were susceptible to such influences. Others rang out joyous and glad, expressing another shade of religious feeling. Sometimes the meetings were quiet, and again the more demonstrative gave vent to their feelings in shouts and hallelujahs.

At the close of this after-service there was usually an adjournment on the part of a few of the brethren to Mr. Phelps' tent. Here also came many persons who were still in spiritual darkness, but seeking for light. Those were unusual meetings. There sometimes seemed to be a hallowed influence about the place which was felt as soon as the door was entered, and many remarkable conversions took place there. Mr. Phelps' personality shone out strongly here. He was exceedingly helpful to many persons in the meetings, and his name is still held in grateful remembrance by many whose eyes have seen neither his face nor Grimsby Camp-meeting for many a long year.

Those early meetings were characterized by great simplicity, earnestness, and spirituality. The people came together for religious exercises only. For this purpose business was suspended, household routine disturbed, and the entire energies of the participants given to the work. They expected to be blessed and strengthened for the various emergencies of life, and they were not disappointed. If they sometimes gave expression to their spiritual ecstasies in shouts or tears, or other demonstrations which fastidious persons disapproved of, what mattered it when they came forth from the meetings with faces shining with the light which comes alone from altitudes beyond the reach of the soul's every-day experience!

There was such a heartiness in the greetings they gave each other in those days, such a grip in their hand-shakes, such candor in their eyes. Sons and daughters of the soil many of them were, with hard work for their daily portion, but their honesty, their simplicity, their kindness of heart, were beautiful.

The faithful ministers who did so much for the old Grimsby Camp-meeting, laboring early and late for the good of souls, are not yet entirely forgotten. They were like the rest of humanity, of all types and temperaments. From that rude pulpit the message sometimes came in the thunders of Sinai, and sinners quaked in their seats as the day of wrath was portrayed in burning, fiery language. Some there were whose discourses were full of Gospel sweetness, melting and subduing the stubborn heart by the gentler methods of preaching. Others were full of doctrine, and laid down the law with almost apostolic clearness and precision. The people who attended those meetings heard the truth

from every possible standpoint. They had "line upon line, and precept upon precept" from the faithful servants of God who, year after year, came up to the great congregation and preached salvation to sinful men.

Old scenes, old worshippers, old friends, how few are left! Where stood Nature's leafy tabernacle the present temple rears its lofty dome. In place of the row of board tents the modern cottages outline the old circle. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

If the "shades" of the fathers were to visit the scene of so many of their early experiences, they would search in vain for one familiar landmark, unless, indeed, they happened to meet Dr. Wakefield. The sight of that genial, unaltered countenance would surely reassure them. As to the rest, they would see no trace of the old Grimsby Camp-meeting.



NOAH PHELPS.

NOAH PHELPS.

NOAH PHELPS was born in Fabius, N.Y., July 18th, 1828, and died in Streetsville, Ont., January 15th, 1900. His father, Samuel Green Phelps, was a member of the New England branch of the family which has furnished many prominent citizens to the American Republic. From the landing, in 1630, of the *Mary and John*, the old ship which brought so many of America's famous forefathers to her shores, until the present, the annals of that country show but few pages upon which the family name does not occur.

Mr. Samuel Phelps came with his family to Canada in the year 1833, when Noah was five years old, and settled in Merritton, on the banks of the Welland Canal. The country was very new at that time, and the canal in process of building. Oliver Phelps, Esq., the contractor in charge of the work, was Samuel Phelps' uncle, and it was owing to his influence that so many of the family came to Canada.

From early childhood Noah Phelps manifested the same strong and vigorous qualities which characterized him through life. He was a masterful lad, and his parents, with their stern New England notions of family government, found it very difficult to keep this imperious and impatient spirit in proper subjection. In fact, they did not. At seventeen his tall, manly form towered above that of his by no means diminutive father. He would have passed anywhere for a man past his majority.

At this early age he had already been placed in very responsible positions by Mr. Oliver Phelps, whose business interests were extensive and varied, and had always acquitted himself with great credit and ability.

At eighteen he was married to Miss Adeline Loveland, a native of the State of Pennsylvania, who died at Grimsby Park in 1896, some three and a half years before the death of her husband.

Though reared in a religious family, with a pious and devoted mother, from whom he inherited some of his strongest characteristics, and whom he resembled more than did any of her other children, Mr. Phelps was, for a number of years, a skeptic. It was not an ideal community in which to rear a family, on the banks of the Welland Canal, in the thirties. There were few people at all like the friends and neighbors left behind in the State of New York, and a teeming population of Irish navvies does not create a very wholesome moral atmosphere. Yet a few families who came to Canada about that time were obliged to settle down and make the best of it.

The educational advantages were very limited. Few people could afford to send their children away to school, and though some of Mr. Phelps' cousins enjoyed the advantages of Yale College, it was his lot to enter upon man's estate at an age when most young men are still in tutelage.

There was much lawlessness throughout the Niagara Peninsula in those years, and the people who were employed on the works were principally of a rough class. Drunkenness and profanity were rife, fighting and bloodshed common. It is small wonder that the few religiously inclined families found it hard to train up

their children as they would, even though they kept them apart from their surroundings as much as possible. That Mr. Phelps held skeptical views for a few years, in common with so many other young men, is not so much a matter of surprise under the circumstances as that he and his brothers never contracted vicious habits of any kind. With the exception of his oldest brother—who was a Baptist, like his parents—Mr. Phelps' brothers all became Methodists when he did.

After the completion of the Welland Canal, as the country became settled and the population increased, manufactories were started, and the excellent water powers afforded by the canal were utilized. Mr. Phelps' oldest brother had, some time previously, gone into the lumber business, in partnership with the late Richard Collier, but being obliged to relinquish their site in favor of the Great Western Railway, then being built, the firm dissolved, and Mr. Collier built a new mill at Lock No. 5 on the old canal, while Mr. O. J. Phelps selected the site at Lock No. 8 and built a mill there, taking into partnership his brother Noah. The business grew and expanded as the years passed, and other mills were acquired in different parts of Ontario. Other branches of manufacturing were also engaged in, and the firm became prosperous and wealthy. Unexpected reverses eventually came upon them and swept away in a day the accumulations of a lifetime.

Mr. Phelps was converted when he was thirty years old, and from that time until his death he remained a prominent member of the Methodist Church. In the early days of Methodism in Merritton he was ever to the front. His energy and ever-ready sympathy were always to be relied upon whenever the little church

called for them. The membership was small, and active Christian workers had their hands full. Of course, after the completion of the canal most of the laborers had left the vicinity, following up other public works in Canada and the States where such labor was required, but there was still an irreligious element caring nothing about churches, nor what they represented, and it was uphill work trying to maintain the cause among them.

Welland Canal was then a great thoroughfare. It was during those years that the vessel carrying-trade was in its glory, and the canal was a great commercial water-way. There was plenty of reform work for all, and in all the forward movements of the neighborhood Mr. Phelps' influence was felt. Nothing was too small to attract his attention; nothing formidable enough to deter him.

When the Grimsby Camp-meeting was inaugurated he was at once interested, and from the beginning of its existence he was never absent but one season, when he, with his wife, was away on a journey. He went into the camp-meeting, as into everything else, with all his might.

I think it safe to say that the people who have for years enjoyed the privileges of Grimsby Park will most of them never know how much they owe to Mr. Phelps. In the earlier days, when the object of the gathering was wholly religious, his energies were devoted to the exercises which filled up much of the time. His "tent" was open to the public at all times, and was a favorite meeting place. Many and wonderful were the conversions which took place within those humble walls. There are persons still living who associate with this spot some of their most precious spiritual experiences.

The first camp-meeting was held in Grimsby in 1859. My first visit took place in about the eighth year of its existence, and well do I remember how strange and unusual it all seemed. Mr. Phelps was kindness personified to the little group who were enjoying his hospitality for the first time that year. The only hardship we experienced was in rising at what we thought an unearthly hour for the early breakfast, which was always over and the simple morning tasks finished when most of our neighbors were just stirring. Our host's nervous temperament allowed him but little repose. He always rose very early, and, to work off his superfluous energy, would light the camp fire, and get the kettle boiling, and then arouse the little household. Indeed, we have sometimes seen the glow of the flames through the chinks in the wall when the world was still in darkness, and our neighbors in slumber, though we were not required to rise quite so early. After awhile we learned to enjoy the early morning hours in the woods before the sounds and scenes of the day could claim our attention.

Mr. Phelps' "tent" was on the spot now occupied by his cottage. It was larger than the majority of the tents, and always ready for meetings. Any hilarious brother, overflowing with religious zeal, could drop in with a few kindred spirits and shout and pray to his heart's content. There was often a morning meeting, sometimes one in the afternoon, and always one late at night after the public service was over. This meeting has been known to last until two o'clock in the morning, and even then some of the good people would be loath to give up and go home. This was rather hard on the inmates of the cottage, but they learned how to go to bed and to sleep in spite of the singing and talking in

the next room. Mr. Phelps never seemed to grow tired, nor ready for sleep. In fact, insomnia pursued him all his life, and his restless energy allowed him little rest when awake. It is surprising, therefore, that, in spite of the ceaseless activity which characterized his whole life, his days were prolonged to the full three score years and ten, the allotted span of the Scriptures.

In the year 1874 the Grimsby Camp-meeting became Grimsby Park. The next summer the old board tents had disappeared, and many of the present cottages stood in their places. Into this new phase of the work Mr. Phelps threw himself with his usual ardor. The religious side of the institution still claimed his earnest support and assistance, and the business side came in for a large share of his time and attention.

He was elected the first President of the new company, and occupied the chair continuously until death called him hence, after twenty-five active years spent in the company's service. During the first half of this period he was in the prime of life. Large and varied interests claimed his attention and called him often from home on important business journeys, but he always managed to retain for Grimsby Park the summer months, and arranged his affairs so that his time and attention could be given to the interests of that institution during the season.

Those persons whose memories can go back fifteen or twenty years will remember how tireless were his efforts to promote the welfare of the Park. Early in the morning he was about and personally inspecting every part of the machinery of the place. From office to wharf, from new buildings to the inspection of a "dangerous" tree, selling lots, leading meetings, entertaining strangers,

straightening out troubles between unreasonable visitors and the gate-keeper, soothing the ruffled feelings of sensitive cottage owners, showing the advantages of the place to newcomers—who cannot remember him in all these and many other rôles? There were numerous little difficulties which had to be settled when the necessity for hygienic and other rules became apparent. Other members of the board would always, if possible, evade the irate housekeepers, who sometimes objected to the restrictions which had to be imposed for the general good; but for him there was no escape. I have seen several of those injured ones waiting at the station for the early train when he was expected, and they would walk to the grounds beside him pouring out their grievances. It was the only time they could snatch from his busy day. He always left them soothed and satisfied. I mention these things only to illustrate this side of his character, which contrasted strongly with the masterful and almost dogmatic side which we sometimes knew.

During all these years he received no salary, paid his own travelling and other expenses in connection with the meetings and business of the board, presented no bills for postage, telegrams or other incidentals, and gave substantial financial aid whenever it was required.

Dr. Wakefield, in his kindly tribute to Mr. Phelps in the *Guardian* a few weeks after his death, says: "His board tent, and then his cottage, both upon the same lot, were always open for prayer and other meetings, of which he himself was often the leader, and many scores of souls have been converted to God upon that spot.

"When the camp-ground was incorporated as a Park he became its President, and continued such until the day of his death. To its interests he gave both time

and money unsparingly, and was better known upon its grounds for many years than any other man. He looked upon the Park as his child, and loved it as such, while for forty years he did all he could to make it both useful and attractive. He was emphatically the friend of children and young people, and the many hundreds who have practically grown up in Grimsby Park cannot fail to feel the impress of his life, and must feel a sense of personal loss at his death.

"He began his work at Grimsby a strong, commanding personality, in the midst of life; he left the ground at the close of the meeting last summer shattered and broken, with the consciousness that his work was done, and God soon gave him rest.

"To scores of ministers he was an able assistant in evangelistic work, and as a preacher and exhorter his word was often with great power, while he perfectly understood how to lead a seeking soul to Jesus Christ. In his revival work Brother Phelps had great power and success in speaking with men personally about their souls, not only in the public services but at their work and in their homes. His faith in God was perfectly sublime, and many will rise up in the day of the Lord to call him blessed. He was loyal and true to the Church of his choice, liberal in support of its institutions, and was often honored with a place upon the floor of the Conferences. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"

His love for the young has been mentioned. For years he has been "Uncle Noah" to many of the summer residents at the Park. Whether this habit became established through the presence there of so many who had a family right to call him by that name, or whether his relations to most of the inhabitants of the place were



"UNCLE NOAH" AMONG HIS FRIENDS.

such as to render it appropriate, I do not know ; perhaps there was a little of both to account for it. In any case his connection with the Park was a unique one; his place never can be filled. The children may continue to enjoy their own special day—the games, the picnic, the march to the field, the old-time "taffy-pull" may still take place—but without "Uncle Noah" to lead the merry company it will not be just the same. It was lovely to see the children crowd about him, eager to gain his attention, always free to tell him their little troubles. In earlier days I have seen him snatch a brief hour from a very busy day to escort a gleeful crowd of little folks to the beach, and, chartering the largest boat, load it to the water's edge with a precious cargo of babies, and paddle around in safe and sheltered waters with his one hand. They always kept their baby promises to sit very still while afloat, and came back to land satisfied and happy. No wonder they loved the big, kindly man who could find time in the midst of a busy life to make little children happy.

One day during his last summer, as he sat on the verandah of his cottage, pale and sick, a dispute arose among some children playing in the temple. The voices rose louder and louder, and the war of words waged warmer, then suddenly ceased, and they all came running up to the house and laid the case before their friend, who listened patiently to each complainant, and then pronounced judgment, which was at once accepted as right and final, and the whole crowd ran back to their play.

Mr. Phelps' last season at the Park was a trying one. In addition to his chronic illness he had injured his ankle, and walking was painful and difficult. He man-

aged, however, to get about with the aid of a stout stick. He insisted from the first that it was to be his last visit to Grimsby Park. "I shall never come here again," he said to me a number of times, and when I attempted to answer in a reassuring way he would shake his head sadly. Towards the last, symptoms of paralysis were quite unmistakable; he became more and more dependent upon his friends. His grandson was nearly always at his side, and Mr. Andrews, the Manager of the grounds, was most assiduous in his kind attentions. A constant stream of solicitous inquirers stopped at the verandah where he usually sat to offer a word of sympathy or encouragement, but all felt that the time for his departure was drawing near. He was occupied much of the time in going over the business of the past with the directors, most of whom were of a younger generation and knew little of the earlier times.

The closing meeting, or farewell, which has always taken place at the end of the season's services, was much enjoyed by Mr. Phelps. This ceremony, or exercise, has marked the close of the camp-meeting from the beginning, and to many persons is a solemn and impressive occasion, while to others it is a mere spectacle. It is, perhaps, the only remaining ceremonial of the old camp-meeting seen to-day at Grimsby Park in the original and simple form, and now that Mr. Phelps is gone it may drop into disuse.

It was in spite of much pain and great weakness that the aged President of Grimsby Park set out to lead the march around the circle for the last time, the dissuasions of his friends having failed to deter him from the sad task. Few of the older generation were beside him. He was the only one of the laymen, at any rate, who

had helped inaugurate the practice forty years ago. One by one they had passed away, and he alone was left, conscious that this was for him the last time. To the most careless observer the scene was a sad one ; but, for him, what memories of the past the hour must have evoked ! What precious associations the scene must have stirred ! An unusually large number of people had remained for the occasion. The great auditorium seemed nearly filled, and all watched with tender sympathy his slow and painful progress, as, leaning on the arm of the ever-faithful Mr. Andrews, he took his place at the head of the procession, and began what must have been a very trying walk around the circle, the great audience joining in singing "Shall we Gather at the River," which has been the hymn for the occasion from time immemorial. The march over, the last hand-shaking took place and the people slowly dispersed, many lingering to watch the tired figure, surrounded by a little group of friends, limp slowly and painfully back to the armchair on the verandah, so soon to know him no more. The little knot of friends lingered late around his chair that night, instinctively feeling that it was the last time.

He took his departure from the grounds a few days later on the early boat. It was not known that he was to leave that morning, and few persons were about. As he stood for a moment on the wharf he turned and looked his last farewell—looked long and lingeringly on the old familiar scene, the tears streaming down his face. "I shall never see you again ! I shall never see you again !" he repeated over and over again. It was indeed his last farewell.

His disease rapidly gained upon him, and the dreaded paralysis soon reduced the strong man to the weakness

and helplessness of a child. He lay for months pain-racked and sleepless, his proud spirit tortured by the condition of dependence, which, he thought, imposed so heavy a burden on his friends and nurses. The powerful frame resisted stubbornly the inroads of disease, and the impatient spirit lingered in the earthly tabernacle until the middle of January, when he was mercifully released. He died with the words "mother" and "Jesus" upon his lips.

As I knew but little about Mr. Phelps' work as an evangelist, I asked his old friend, the Rev. J. H. Robinson, to write a short statement concerning this very interesting part of his religious work, and received the following in reply:

"To Mrs. H. Youmans,
St. Catharines:

"Your proposition to write a souvenir booklet of Grimsby Park is a bright idea, and I have pleasure in writing a few lines about the late President.

"By the Conference of 1873 I was appointed to the Merritton Circuit, of which Noah Phelps was recording steward. In his home I spent the first of the three years of my pastorate there. A strong friendship was then formed, which continued until he triumphantly 'crossed the bar.'

"At our first meeting I realized that he was a man of more than ordinary ability and strong spiritual life. He loved his home; his family was happy in his presence; his many friends were always welcome, and he exercised the grace of hospitality in a large measure. He was the leading personality in his own church and in the town; to him the people flocked for advice and assistance. He was a benevolent and liberal supporter of the Church.

"From him I learned much that has aided me, especially in revival work. We had many revivals on the circuit, and I accompanied him to several places for

evangelistic work; also, I had his assistance in some of the churches where I have ministered since.

"It was at this time he lost his hand, which opened his way to engage so extensively in evangelistic work. Some characteristics of this work I will mention. The love of Christ constrained him to give the best he had for his fellowmen. Refusing even travelling expenses, he went from place to place preaching, praying, singing, visiting from house to house, the prisoners in the jails, the sick, the needy, persuading rich and poor to be reconciled to God.

"He loved the children. At the beginning of his Christian life he went heartily into Sunday School work. In revival meetings he sought out the children, and wherever he went they gathered about him. His addresses to them after Sunday School were interesting and persuasive. Often many sought salvation. In conversation with them privately about their pets or studies he had the happy art of turning the subject and dropping the good seed. 'Children's Day' at Grimsby Park was one of the most interesting of the season, when 'Uncle Noah' led the procession to the grove, and entered heartily into their youthful sports.

"He was a good organizer, and a born leader of men. At times, when people looked for some one to mark out a way, his voice was heard, and they readily followed. He had a strong will, great courage, deep sympathy, broad views, intense earnestness, and strong faith in God, which gave him wonderful power with an audience. I have seen a whole congregation move forward in response to an appeal to believers to seek a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit, and the unsaved to come to Jesus. In pointing penitents to Christ he had great wisdom, seldom failing to lead them at once to full and joyful trust in Christ.

"In many parts of Ontario he conducted evangelistic meetings with marked success, and in large towns or cities like Belleville, Barrie, or Hamilton, two or three hundred were converted in meetings of two or three weeks.

"The power of concentration was possessed, greatly to his success. I have known him go from the office, where important financial matters perplexed the company, to the week evening prayer-meeting, where he took part as if he had just come forth from a live devotional meeting. Business had attention early and late, but did not interfere with the prayer-meeting. When he took two weeks for camp-meeting, or to help a brother, the business was left behind. 'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.'

"In personal conversation he had great tact and practical wisdom in dealing with souls. It was a common occurrence for persons to break down and cry to God for mercy in the office, or shop, or home. In prayer he talked with God—so tender, appropriate, comprehensive, fervent, so trustful—he took hold of God's promises.

"Some authors were read and admired, but the Bible was his choice, his daily counsellor. To him it was the Word of God. He talked of its truths with a confidence and earnestness that stirred men. He believed and, therefore, spoke. He knew the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation.

"The evident object of his sermons and addresses was the salvation of lost men. They abounded with illustrations gathered from Scripture, experience and observation. Many of them had a thrilling effect. It is a great loss that they were not gathered into a book of striking incidents in evangelistic work, or, better still, if a biography could be written of our brother, illustrated by scores of remarkable answers to prayer, great awakenings, sudden conversions, enemies reconciled, difficulties settled, power of testimony, and the leading of the Holy Spirit. He did a grand work for his Master. 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.'

"(Signed) J. H. ROBINSON.

"Palmerston, May 24th, 1900."

THE REV. DR. WAKEFIELD.

AS the man who preached the first sermon on the Grimsby Camp-ground, forty-one years ago, and who is still with us, as vigorous apparently as ever after forty-nine years of active work in the Methodist ministry, the Rev. Dr. Wakefield deserves rather more than a passing notice.

He is seldom absent from the yearly gathering in this historic place, and to those who are of the older dispensation he forms a link with the past which it is hoped will long continue to exist.

In an old copy of the *Camp Ground Recorder*, of June, 1878, with a fine photogravure of Mr. Wakefield, we find the following article, which, so far as it goes, is as true to-day as it was then :

"By unanimous vote of the Directors, the Rev. John Wakefield, Chairman of the Chatham District, has been invited to take charge of the camp-meeting services for the present year, and he has consented to do so. We endorse this action as most judicious. It requires a combination of qualities to make a successful camp-meeting leader, and these qualities Brother Wakefield has in a marked degree. He is emphatically 'the right man in the right place.' When a man is appointed to a responsible position the public feel a natural curiosity to know something of his personal appearance, as well as his antecedents, and we have anticipated this desire

in the accompanying engraving. Those who are acquainted with Brother Wakefield will perhaps think that it scarcely does him justice; still the general likeness is there, and will be at once recognized by those who have seen the original. For the information of others we add a few descriptive sentences.

"He is fully up to the medium height, and is sufficiently 'tall across' to turn the scale, we venture to guess, at some 175 or 180 pounds. The glow of youthful health has not yet faded from his countenance, and as the frosts of years have but slightly touched his brown hair, he appears somewhat younger than he really is. Mr. Wakefield was born in the year 1830, if we mistake not, within the patrimony of him of nursery rhyme celebrity, 'Grey, Earl of Warwick, who killed the dun cow.'

"He possesses all the fearlessness of the doughty earl, albeit his courage is displayed in a vastly better cause. He is zealous, pushing, and outspoken, and few preachers speak with more force and ease than he. His sermons are well thought out and methodically arranged, and the arguments are mingled with hortatory appeals, which his rapid utterance, resonant voice, and spiritual unction, render very effective. He was converted in a locality prolific of Methodism, and of good and useful men not a few—the township of Blenheim, near the village of Washington. This event occurred in his nineteenth year, in the course of a great revival. His talent for public speaking was soon recognized, and he was sent to a circuit in 1852, after spending some time at Victoria College. Since then his work has been constant and varied—circuits, stations, and districts having filled up the time, from Sherbrooke in the east to

Chatham in the west (of which latter District he is now Chairman), thus comprising a ministry of twenty-six years. With the blessing of God he may yet make it up to fifty. He is a born commander, and we doubt not will give a good account of the force under him at the approaching camp-meeting."

"(Since writing the above brother Wakefield has been elected to the honorable position of Secretary of the London Conference. It requires but one step more to reach the chair.)"

The above was written twenty-two years ago, and, judging from appearances, he will surely make up the half century in the ministry—which will only require one more year. He has long since reached the "chair," having been President of both the London and Hamilton Conferences; and he has had the additional honor of being sent by these bodies to the only two Ecumenical Conferences ever held by Methodism—one in City Road Church, in London, England, in 1880, and the other in the city of Washington, U.S., in 1890.

Mr. Wakefield is still in the regular work, a very successful pastor, with no apparent decrease in energy or ability, though it is forty-one years since he preached the first sermon on the camp-ground. The clear ringing voice which once echoed through the woods, with a range no other speaker could reach, has lost none of its force and clearness; his sermons none of the old-time effectiveness, and, listening to him sometimes, one has but to close one's eyes to imagine the old days back again—the outlines of the huge Temple melt away, and back in their old places are the great forest trees which once sheltered the worshippers. Their long branches sway over head, and

the swish of the rustling leaves makes a low accompaniment to the voices of preacher and choir. Back in their old places, too, are they who laid the foundation of the present camp-ground—honest, plain folk, for the most part, of the old Wesleyan type, now almost extinct. The evolution of Methodism has left behind much which we regard regretfully, but it has also absorbed and assimilated much which is of great advantage to its people. Growth means change. This has been abundantly verified by the history of the Canadian Methodist Church. To one who, like Mr. Wakefield, has passed through all the fleeting years in constant touch with the changing history of the Methodism of Canada, the retrospect must be vastly interesting. May his days be many in the land, and his face long remain a familiar one on the Grimsby Camp-ground!



A GLIMPSE OF THE LAKE FRONT.

JOHN B. BOWSLAUGH.

NO history of the old Grimsby Camp-ground, and the present Grimsby Park, would be complete without a chapter devoted to the original owner of the land, John B. Bowslaugh, Esq.

Until a few years ago his familiar figure was never absent from the camp-ground, and few persons know how much both old and new Grimsby Park owes to him.

John B. Bowslaugh was born in the township of North Grimsby, 20th December, 1821. His grandfather, Peter Bowslaugh, was a local preacher well-known by the early Methodists of this country, for his home was ever open to receive the itinerant Methodist ministers, whose large circuits sometimes covered hundreds of miles of country, which had to be traversed continually in the interest of the various appointments. Mr. Bowslaugh's father, Jacob Bowslaugh, was a man of sterling character from his youth up, and a class leader for many years. Thus it is not surprising that John B. Bowslaugh was always an ardent Methodist. In the language of one of the ministers who has known him for many years, he "was born into the Christian faith, and into the doctrines and usages of the Methodist Church," and has been a prominent figure in Methodist circles in a large section of country for more than half a century. He was converted in his sixteenth year, and from that time until his death, a period of sixty-one

years, he was a faithful worker in the Church of his choice. For more than forty years he was a steward and trustee. For twenty-four years he was superintendent of the Sabbath School in the town of Grimsby. He was frequently, by the vote of the church, a member of the District Meetings, and always a lay delegate to the annual Conferences.

He was married, in 1846, to Elizabeth J. Smith, of the township of Yarmouth, near St. Thomas, who still survives him, and for more than half a century their home has been noted for the generous hospitality so freely dispensed to all, especially to the clergy of the Methodist Church, and *very* especially to the brethren, both lay and clerical, who have during all the years of its existence looked after the welfare of Grimsby Camp-meeting and Grimsby Park.

Mr. Bowslaugh inherited from his maternal grandfather, for whom he was named, the farm of which Grimsby Park is a portion, and from the time the old Grimsby Camp-ground was first dedicated, he became one of the most enthusiastic and willing workers in its interests. He and Mr. Noah Phelps—his life-long friend—were the only two of the original directors who were in office continually until called hence by death. Mr. Bowslaugh's devotion to Grimsby Park was proverbial. It was, in short, the pet scheme of his life, and the sacrifices he made, the financial risks he ran, were known only to those who were closely associated with him in the arduous task of carrying the company through the first and many following years of its history. Others there were who made themselves personally responsible to a certain extent, but no other man stood so unreservedly at the back of the company as did John B. Bowslaugh.

Forty years ago, when the first camp-meeting was held at the Park, Mr. Bowslaugh was a strong, active man, in the midst of his years, and had long been an official member of the Methodist Church on the Grimsby Circuit, where he was energetic and faithful both in secular and church life. Thus, when the question of selecting a camp-ground for the use of the Methodist Church in that district arose, it was perfectly natural that J. B. Bowslaugh should be a member of the first committee, as he was. When the committee was formed it met for the first time at Mr. Bowslaugh's house, and then adjourned to the woods, with the result that the present spot was selected.

Those who have visited these grounds only for the past twenty-five years or so can hardly form an idea of the magnificent piece of timber-land this originally was, not only on account of the large and unusual variety of the woods, but for the majestic growth of the hundreds of giants of the forest which covered the acres now forming the park. Most of this growth has long since disappeared, but it will be obvious to every thoughtful person that these grounds could not be used for camp-meeting purposes, with the presence of hundreds of teams and thousands of people each year, without a good deal of injury to this valuable timber; yet for many years this privilege was gratuitously granted by Mr. Bowslaugh. During all those years, too, hospitality was abundantly dispensed by Mr. and Mrs. Bowslaugh in their comfortable home, many of the ministers and Christian workers being welcomed there through all the time of the meetings. For many years all the necessary committees of arrangement met at their home, and were generously entertained; the ample board was

always spread, and all were made welcome. With them Christian hospitality was not a lost art, and their reward will be sure.

In short, there was not an interest of the camp-ground, or park, secular or religious, which did not lie near Mr. Bowslaugh's heart. He was not a demonstrative man, but he was a true follower of Jesus Christ, and when the Church of God was made better, or souls were brought to a knowledge of the Saviour, he greatly rejoiced. Those who knew him best loved him most.

The above tribute is from the pen of an old friend of Mr. Bowslaugh's. Another says: "He was of a genial, cheery disposition, always fond of a joke, and ready for a hearty laugh. He never became an *old man*, but was interested in the sports and pleasures of the young, and well pleased when the young people of the park were enjoying to the full the many privileges provided for their enjoyment and amusement."

The camp-ground was about half a mile from Mr. Bowslaugh's house, and three times a day, when the meetings were going on, Mr. Bowslaugh would harness up the grey team to the three-seated democrat wagon and drive his guests to the camp-grounds over a private road which ran through the woods. This road was rough and narrow, the over-hanging branches of the great trees contesting many a rod of the passage; but they were a merry company, those Methodist parsons, and when the roomy democrat was filled to overflowing, which was nearly always the case, a goodly body-guard was formed of the surplus, and the procession moved forward at an easy pace, enlivened, we may be sure, by many an episode worth telling, if any one were left to tell, and many a merry sally of wit or mirth. The old

grey team was always a part of the procession. Year after year they did their part for the good of the cause, and their grateful clerical friends used to say they wondered if they would not see them again in heaven. As loyal followers of the good Wesley, they were surely on orthodox ground when they "wondered" if they would. They might even have dared to *hope* that they would.

It is many a year since the old team carried the last load. Somewhere under the green grass their bones are crumbling. The shady woodland road is not to be found; the great trees are nearly all gone; even the spacious and comfortable home which sheltered so many of the old camp-meeting folk went up in smoke years ago, and although the present building, which rose upon the old foundation, may still offer generous hospitality to the friends of the Park, the old spell is broken, the charm is gone. The genial host, the goodly company which year after year met in Christian fellowship and for the Master's work, are for the most part enjoying that fellowship in another and better country; but their works do follow them, and there are men and women still coming to the Park for the summer outing who remember those old times with keen pleasure, even though the recollections are among those of the long ago, so remote as to be associated with the far-away happiness of childhood and youth.

Mr. Bowslaugh himself lived to see most of these changes, but he was just as faithful to the interests of the later institution as he was to those of the old camp-meeting of forty years ago, and as long as the Park exists it can never be disassociated from the name of John Beamer Bowslaugh.

Mr. Bowslaugh died on the 5th day of July, 1898.

GRIMSBY PARK.

TO the Grimsby Park of to-day the time for the historian has not yet come—perhaps it never will come—but as a social study it is worth attention.

There is no trace of the old camp-meeting visible as the train halts at the long covered platform which is called "the station," and the gay summer crowds pace up and down the wide promenade animated and happy. The well-kept drive and board walk which lead to the entrance pavilion, and on through the wood and picnic ground to the huge temple, are shaded by rows of tall trees. To the right one sees the tennis courts, and to the left the picnic grounds, with seats, tables, cooking stoves, swings, and every convenience for the excursionists, who visit the place in great numbers every summer.

Cottages and canvas tents are scattered through the open places in the woods, and a capacious horse-yard occupies a remote corner.

A well patronized market-place, with butcher shop and fruit and vegetable stands, furnishes its quota of the necessaries of life, and a first-class grocery does its share, while the milk-man never fails to meet the large demands for rich, pure milk. The water supply is unfailing and excellent, and is furnished largely by the same spring which was so important a factor in the choice of a location for the old camp-ground.

Here are the telegraph and telephone offices, the post-office, book store, drug store, barber shop, check room,



AMONG THE COTTAGES.



"THE TRYSTING PLACE."

baggage room, Company's offices, bicycle livery, photograph studio, and I know not what else. Across the way is the Park House, its broad verandahs all aflutter with the bright summer costumes of the ladies and children. In every direction are the cottages, peeping out from among the trees, or lining the shady lanes and avenues which straggle off in many bewildering ways. Through an opening between two dwellings the road passes into the auditorium, with its circling cottages forming, like the old tents, the enclosure where the meetings have always been held and where stands the great Temple or Tabernacle. This structure baffles description. It stretches its wide umbrella-like expanse over the place where once the "fathers" held their outdoor meetings. As an architectural curiosity it is certainly unique, but language fails when one attempts a description of it. It is capable of sheltering an enormous concourse of people, and when it is filled of an evening, and the electric lights flash their rays into its farthest circles, the spectacle is an impressive one. The arching roof lifts its great dome high above the assembled multitude, and harbors an imp of an echo which mocks and gibes incessantly when speaker or singer holds forth. The Park people, however, have grown accustomed to the annoyance and scarcely notice it.

The Boys' Tabernacle is a neat little church on a street leading from the circle to the lake shore. This building was erected years ago by Rev. Mr. Calvert, principally for boys' meetings, but is now used for many other purposes. There is held the early morning prayer-meeting, classes of different kinds, and other meetings.

The high bank along the lake front is lined with cottages, whose inmates can study the latter in all its varying moods. The sunsets are particularly fine.

Down on the beach the boat houses and bathing houses stand, and the long wharf runs out into the water, forming a fine promenade and fishing platform, as well as doing its duty toward the steamer which calls at the Park every day. Rowing is popular, and a twilight trip to the lily pond pays well when a boat-load of the lovely blossoms is the reward. Echo Point is in the opposite direction, and is a most interesting place to visit.

Lake View House commands a magnificent view of the water, and enjoys the lake breezes whenever the slightest zephyr is stirring. Beyond are still more pretty cottages, and then the athletic grounds, where all sorts of manly sports are indulged in. Great care is taken wherever it is possible to preserve the grounds in their natural condition. Mosses and lichens and wild flowers are everywhere. The birds dart about among the trees, and the squirrels make themselves quite at home and do considerable mischief sometimes in the empty houses during the quiet months when the Park is deserted by its summer population.

In short, Grimsby Park is an up-to-date summer resort of the Chautauquan class, with every facility for innocent and healthy enjoyment and sport. Due regard for the religious and intellectual wants of the people is shown in the preparation of the programme, which includes sermons, lectures, concerts and entertainments, classes in elocution and studies in literature, besides other attractions, and no end of good things for the little people. Some of the most eminent divines in America have addressed the Grimsby Park congregations, and many of the most brilliant platform speakers of the age are to be heard there. There is always an



THE PIAZZA OF LAKE VIEW HOUSE.

abundance of excellent music furnished by the best bands in the country, and the best singers are engaged for the concerts.

Grimsby Park is a paradise for children and young people. The perfect safety with which children may be allowed the freedom of the place makes it an ideal spot for mothers with large families, and the Grimsby Park youngster is certainly the most contented, safe, happy-go-lucky baby in existence. He can dig all day long in the clean sand on the beach, bareheaded and barefooted, too, if he likes. He can toddle all around the camp-ground and never come to grief. When he grows older he learns to swim and dive, and manage a boat like an old tar. He fishes off the wharf, and goes to the mountain for ferns, and sometimes, we are sorry to say, he forages for fruit and other delicacies on forbidden grounds, as the farmers can testify. But woe unto him if the stern eye of the policeman catches a glimpse of him in the act, or the tale of his misdeeds reaches the ears of the authorities. There is a small room somewhere among the Company's apartments where more than one culprit has been brought to justice, who failed to get off as easily as did "Dan Pool's" friend in the days of yore. There is a limit to the fun a lad may have even at Grimsby Park, but every possible allowance is made for the exuberance of youthful spirits, and a fellow ought not to take advantage of this indulgence and break the rules.

All this comfort and perfection was not brought about in a day. It has taken twenty-five years of hard work, much study and observation, and many thousands of dollars to evolve the present modern park from the old camp-ground which preceded it. The same men who

did so much for the older institution were the founders and fosterers of the new one.

It was found in the season of 1874 that the old camp, which had been in existence for sixteen years, must undergo extensive repairs if it was to continue another year. This called for a large outlay of money, and as there was an existing debt of several hundred dollars they hesitated about incurring further obligations. The expenses had hitherto been met by collections, subscriptions, and rents from the old tents; but the sum realized was not sufficient for the needs, and it was felt that steps must be taken to bring about a more satisfactory state of affairs. An entry in an old minute-book of 1874 reads as follows:

"A call was made from the preacher's stand for a meeting to be held in Mr. Phelps' tent, on Wednesday, September 2nd, 1874." (Then follows a long list of names of those present.) At this meeting steps were taken to organize a company, to be called the "Ontario Methodist Camp-Ground Company," and the place to be called the "Ontario Methodist Camp-Ground."

All the plans seem to have been formed, the company fully organized and chartered, by the next year, with Mr. Phelps as President, Mr. Fairfield as Secretary, and Mr. Bowslaugh as Treasurer.

When the people assembled for the season of 1875, all traces of the old camp-meeting had disappeared. Sixty or seventy new modern cottages had sprung up on the sites of the old tents, and there was an air of business and expansion about the whole place. Negotiations were in progress with the Great Western Railway for rates, stopping of trains, and building a platform, etc., for the accommodation of the people.

Then came the restaurant (which later developed into the Park House) with a grocery and post-office. The purchase is noted of "ninety common unvarnished chairs for the dining-room, and twenty bedsteads and mattresses for the use of lodgers."

Then by degrees came bathing and boat houses, drainage, cleaning up of the grounds, purchasing canvas tents to rent, etc., reaching out to learn from other institutions, and gradually adopting, sometimes improving on their ways and means for the advancement and improvement of the place. Telegraph offices, barber shop, and "backs to the seats" in the auditorium came in 1876, and "hereafter straw for beds was to be paid for at the rate of ten cents a bed."

Those were busy and growing years, and all those changes were not effected without some friction. A few persons of the old regime disapproved of some of the new methods, especially any changes which altered the religious and devotional character of the exercises, and introduced anything of a secular or mere intellectual nature. To them the old place was holy ground, and everything of a light or trifling nature was desecration.

The opening or closing of the gates on Sundays has always been a hard question to settle. There are so many excellent reasons to urge on both sides that it is small wonder the authorities differ. I think on the whole they have taken the wise and right course, and I am sure they have often found it hard to come to a decision.

About the year 1877 the water tanks were built, and the water brought to the cottages. This year the Park boasted of a newspaper, a live little sheet, edited by the Rev. John Ridley.

In 1878 a charge was made at the gate—I think for the first time—and collections (which had not been sufficient for the running expenses) abolished. The entrance fee was 5 cents, the season ticket 25 cents. I am afraid there were some who grumbled even at this modest charge, and it was abolished at a later meeting. We find, however, that in 1880 the admission was 10 cents, "children free, and season tickets 50 cents."

"A silver tea set was purchased about this time by the directors and presented to Mrs. John B. Bowslaugh, as a slight token of their appreciation of the constant and unfailing kindness manifested toward them by Mrs. Bowslaugh and her family."

In 1878 the engine was purchased for the water works, the wind-mill which had been erected at the end of the pier having proved inadequate. The Book Room was asked to open a stall on the grounds this year.

At a meeting on August 29th, 1879, "It was resolved to hold a Dominion Day demonstration in the following summer, with a concert and fireworks in the evening." The International Temperance Association held its annual meeting here that year, lasting for several days. Many prominent Canadian and American speakers were present, and the meeting was a great success.

In 1880 the brothers William and Rechab Tandy conducted the music, and I venture to say that in no year since has the music at the Park equalled that of this year. The closing concert was one to remember. Dr. Griffin was the Chairman, and he filled up the spaces between the musical numbers as only Dr. Griffin can at his very best.

In 1882 the new hotel was planned, and in 1883 it was ready for occupation. During all the years there

was constant improvement and embellishment, and Mr. Phelps, Mr. Bowslaugh, and Mr. Fairfield were the busiest of busy men, loyally sustained and supported by the Company.

In the meanwhile the meetings were being well attended and were very popular. For a number of years the old camp-meeting methods were adhered to—three sermons every day, with many meetings besides, and the period extended to a fortnight with two Sabbaths included instead of one. The change to the present system was a gradual one. The meetings were in charge of different ministers, who each conducted them with marked success and ability. They were the Revs. Dr. Williams, Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Griffin, Dr. Wakefield, Dr. Sutherland, and probably others, before Dr. Benson's term of several years and Dr. Philp's, which still continues.

The pulpit and platform services have always been first-class, and thousands of persons have been enabled to listen to sermons and lectures which by no other means could be brought within their reach. Very faithful have been the efforts of the boards of later years to carry on the work of their predecessors. Only on the books of the Company are the names of those men to be found, and as I have not access to those records I can only mention those names which come to mind, and they probably are not in the order to which they belong. Judge Jones must have been for many years among the directors of the Company. So also was the late Dr. Rosebrugh and Mr. Thomas Culham, Mr. Edward Galley, and Mr. Wilkinson, the energetic Secretary and Vice-President, the Revs. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Burns, and many others whose names ought to be here.

Mr. B. C. Fairfield, who was for so many years associated with the affairs of the Park in connection with Mr. Phelps and Mr. Bowslaugh, is another man whose name belongs here. Indeed, as a member of the trio which for so many years were associated in the interests of the place, and did so much for the benefit of the Company, it would be an act of injustice to ignore his long years of work in its service. Mr. Fairfield was for fifteen years the Secretary-Treasurer of the Company, and, like the others, he gave his time, thought, and money gratuitously to the cause. Nearly every day in the season he could be seen in company with his colleagues busy about the affairs of the Company. The position of Secretary of such an institution is no sinecure, but entails much hard work, and Mr. Fairfield, equally with the other two, deserves that these services should be acknowledged. His duties were not confined to the secretary's work alone, but his judgment was always relied upon when questions of weight came up for consideration, as well as in matters of detail about the place. It is several years since Mr. Fairfield severed his official connection with the Park and ceased to spend his summers there, but his family still occupy one of his cottages during the season and he occasionally visits the place for a short time.

Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, Secretary-Treasurer of the Toronto School Board, has summered at the Park for twenty years, and has taken a deep interest in the affairs of that institution. He has been a member of the Park Board for ten years, and for seven years has been its Secretary. Two years ago he was elected Vice-President, and since the death of the late President Phelps has been acting President. He is now the oldest member of the Board, and his experience and knowledge of



BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 1894.



BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 1898.

the past is invaluable to the present directorate. Mr. Wilkinson is prominent in Methodist circles in his own city, being a trustee of the Berkeley Street Methodist Church, and active in its Sabbath School. He is also prominent in temperance and benevolent associations, and in every way a most desirable man for the position he holds on the Board of the Grimsby Park Company.

It is with a feeling of great sadness that the Park community thinks of the vacant places which death has made since last year. The death of the President was not unexpected, but that the genial and lovable Dr. Burns, in the full strength of his manhood and with all his mental and physical powers undiminished, should be called away so suddenly came as a great shock not only to the Grimsby Park people, but to his numerous friends and admirers throughout the country. At Grimsby Park he will be missed from the platform, from the social circles where he shone so brilliantly, and from every phase of the Park life.

But especially will those who have for years attended his Sunday afternoon Bible-class miss those occasions when he brought to them the latest and brightest thought on the absorbing Bible questions of the day, and endeavored to bring the truth home to their minds with greater force and clearness.

No other man will fill the unofficial place that Dr. Burns occupied at the Park. His personality was a unique one, and the vacancy caused by his death will be a permanent one.

Grimsby Park has become a most popular resort for young people. The summer girl is here in all her glory —afoot, awheel, afloat, at the station, the wharf, the tennis courts and in the assemblies—you cannot escape her even

if you would. She is omnipresent, and without her Grimsby Park and the world would be dull indeed. She gives an air of perpetual motion and perennial youth to the scene, and keeps the old fogies from stagnation. She is on excellent terms with the Doctors of Divinity and other magnates, whom she beats at lawn tennis. If she liked she could beat them at quoits. Long may she reign!

The Grimsby Park boy is the king of his kind. He doesn't have to wash his face, because he is always in the lake and it never gets dirty. He doesn't have to brush his hair, because it never needs it, and, anyway, it wouldn't be of any use. He never has to black his boots for the same reason, and, besides, they are worn out before the new look is off them. He is not asked to run errands in this boys' paradise, nor to mow the lawn, nor to hang up his hat. His mother does not forbid him to go in swimming as she does at home, and he can fish from morning until night. He can rent a bicycle for 15 cents an hour, and if his funds are low, as they usually are, he can earn a fortune in no time picking berries for the farmers near by. He can get all the ice-cream he can pay for, and if he is a "square" chap (which he mostly is) he can do pretty much as he pleases. Oh, it's a fine thing to be a Grimsby Park boy!

One of the prettiest sights to be seen at the Park is the crowd of little people who fill the front seats in the Temple when a concert, a lecture, or other entertainment is on. Their enjoyment of some of those entertainments is quite a matter of course, but it is surprising to see how intently they follow every word of the speaker, sometimes when the theme is serious, and far above the ken of such infants, one would suppose; but the bright eyes

never leave the face of the speaker, and they keep so quiet that one cannot doubt their comprehension of, as well as their interest in, the subject. It must be gratifying to a speaker to be able to hold the attention of such little people and at the same time retain that of the older ones. Last summer, when a popular tenor was charming the audience with his singing, he seemed particularly pleased with the manifest appreciation which beamed up to him from those front benches, and when the sympathy between them grew so strong that the little voices with one accord took up the air of the chorus and accompanied him in a low, sweet hum, he was apparently delighted, and at the end of each verse looked his expectation of its repetition. The little creatures seemed to know instinctively just how far to go and where to stop.

The mothers of Grimsby Park have the hardest time of any class. If it were not that they find their chief joy in making their families happy, they would need much sympathy. Especially is this true during their first experience there. It takes two or three seasons to learn, "past all doubting truly," that your boys are not going to be drowned at the Park. At the end of that time you can sit calmly on the bank with your sewing and see them dive off the very end of the pier and come up again safely without a tremor. You can even admire the dexterity with which they will upset themselves out of a boat, and disappear under it for an *awful* long time before they bob up serenely, and roll into the frail bark like young porpoises. So far as human intuition can reach it does seem as though they were safe from the danger of drowning, and you have no more worry on that score ; but oh, the anxious days, the evenings of

torture, you have known, the hideous dreams that have haunted your pillow in the past! Another great fear has also abated somewhat—nobody's child has as yet been killed at the railroad station, and, thinking over all the narrow escapes from death which smart little children have had, in spite of all the silly exhibitions of fearlessness with which they have startled the onlookers, you have come to the conclusion that some good angel must surely watch over the children at train time. Then you learn after a while that your Park neighbors do not think you a very negligent mother, your children utterly neglected and uncared for, according to appearances. They know, what you are fast finding out—that an immaculately clean frock, smooth hair, tidy shoes, etc., are the result alone of an eternal vigilance which is unattainable in this life and not worth while anyhow. You thus, in due time, get down to a basis where you can manage to exist; but you never reach a time when you can understand where all the bread and butter goes and how it is that your family requires so many meals a day. You never become reconciled to the enormous contributions you are compelled to make to the income of that Grimsby shoemaker. Sometimes you yield in sheer despair to the incessant petitions to go barefoot and can scarcely believe that it is your own Tommy kicking his bare heels in the air in utter ecstasy. When you have got used to *that* you are a seasoned Grimsby Parker of the deepest dye. You can take your sun-browned lads and lasses home in the fall, plump and healthy, even if they are out at both knees and elbows. You have all laid in a stock of health and energy that will carry you straight through the winter, with all its duties and pleasures, and never a call from the family doctor; and besides, you

have learned a great many lessons about the relative values of things.

It is a far cry from the present gay and festive scenes to the old days when worship and devotion filled all the hours. We may look back regretfully to those days, and sigh for the voices we shall not hear again, the faces our eyes shall behold no more, but none the less shall we value the present, with all it holds for our enjoyment and profit. The improvements which have been made about the place are to add to our comfort and enjoyment. The gifted men and women who succeed each other on the platform year after year exercise their talents for our edification. The lake with its changing beauty, the sky with its stars, the woods with their voices, are ours also. The social intercourse with our Park neighbors, the intellectual stimulus, adds another item to our obligations. It is no small privilege to move side by side for a while with the full warm current of youth and happiness which flows like a warm human gulf stream through the avenues of this Park. Every year that separates us still farther from the scenes and enjoyments of our youth but enhances the value of the lost glory of that golden time, and we watch with loving and indulgent interest the happiness and abandon of those who dwell in the enchanted places now. From the bright-faced girl with her bicycle, her tennis, and her pretty gowns, and her boy brother with his freckles, his escapades, and his general and blessed "awfulness," down to the Park babies, we imbibe every day some subtle influence which delays the processes of time in our own souls and keeps us youthful, if not young.

Grimsby Park has grown very dear to the hearts of



AN ANGRY SURF.



THE CALM THAT FOLLOWS.

those who summer within its borders. The tie which holds them here season after season, in spite of the attractions of other places, only grows stronger as the years go by.

Like the rest of the world, Grimsby Park stands upon the threshold of a new century. The prophets tell us that in spite of the dark clouds which hang low over the moral horizon in some quarters, in spite of the angry passions which seem so rampant among the nations, and the selfishness which dominates the business world, the coldness which devitalizes the Church in some places, the world is about to enter upon a period of peacefulness and great spiritual awakening. The arm of the Lord is still powerful to allay the turbulent passions of men and nations, and electrify with renewed fervor the fainting spirits of the faithful. When that time of peace comes, and we have learned to turn expectant eyes toward the heavens—when God's people are ready for the spiritual uplifting which is to place them on the higher plane of living which we hope lies before us in the near future—Grimsby Park will again resound with songs and hallelujahs. The mother will pause in the midst of her loving servitude to listen to the joyful sound of the Temple services. The youth and maiden spinning along together over the shaded roadways will not be ashamed to acknowledge to each other that the world is beautiful, and life is sweet, and, above all, that God is very good. The man of business will gladly turn from the incessant pursuit of wealth to listen to the voices in his soul. "Holiness to the Lord" will be the theme of every sermon, the burden of every song. The little children will overflow the front seats in the great congregation, their

tender eyes lifted confidingly to the faces bending lovingly over them, and the music of their voices will be the sweetest note in all the swelling anthem of praise.

Grimsby Park has a noble past which these imperfect pages have utterly failed to depict; a present which is in perfect harmony with the trend of the times and full of promise, and a future which we venture to predict will combine all the enjoyments and privileges of the present, with a spiritual zeal and devotion which will surpass even that of the old times.

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